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somewhat too flat for vigor of result. Mrs. Williams's picture represents a lovely young girl of twelve or thirteen holding a crust of bread to the bird perched upon the lithe, bending twig in her hand. The pose is extremely graceful, and the broad plumed hat very becoming. The gown is dull grayish-gold with wide lace cuffs and collar.

Emma Cecilia King, of Brooklyn, sends a portrait, a pensive, oval face ensphered in light brown hair and black hat with feathers. A black fur tippet is wound around the neck, and the dress is black. The arrangement is of different shades of black upon a black background, out of which many-shaded blackness the delicate, fair face looks in slight relief. The picture, like most of the American ones this year, is skied, too high for one to distinguish any finesse of draughtsmanship or the quality of its brush work. It looks dusty, like Mrs. L. L. Williams's lovely portrait, finished just before the opening day, and hung amid clouds of dust, with the colors still fresh. It is evidently an idealized portrait, showing refined sentiment. Anna Klumpke, of San Francisco, sends a violin, sheet music, ornamental candlestick, and yellow autumnal flowers upon a dull, low-toned table-cover. It is not a particularly effective selection or arrangement of objects, but is so thoroughly well painted, so broadly and freely while yet definitely treated, as to be, while one of the least attractive, one of the best still-life pictures, of equal pretensions, in the exhibition.

ECCENTRICITIES OF FRENCH ART.

A SALIENT feature of the recent Salons, and especially of the one of 1883, has been an excess of brutal horrors, of which the "Andromache" of Georges Rochegrosse is a vivid illustration. That this offensive and hideous canvas carried off last year's "Prix du Salon" gives brutality and hideousness, when united with technical bravura and chic, a certain cachet in Salon art. Naturally, therefore, the Salon visitor this year feels relieved to see less of hideousness and brutality than might have been expected. There are fewer coarse and repulsive crucifixions in which every realization of divine suffering is lost in the repulsive naturalism of mere physical agony. Neither are there any interiors of the morgue, with disfigured corpses largely "en evidence," such as appeared in three instances last year. To be sure, repulsive death is not entirely absent—the Salon would not reflect French taste if it were—and we have several Revolutionary incidents in which corpses play the chief part in the scene; but, taken as a whole, the exhibition is more sane and wholesome than its immediate predecessor.

The influence of Rochegrosse's success is apparent in at least one canvas, Chigot's "La Mort de Matho," a subject inspired by Gustave Flaubert's "Salamambo." It is almost a direct imitation of Rochegrosse's "Vitellius" of 1882—a coarse central figure, as was the Vitellius, hooted at, beaten and buffeted by a confused, angry crowd. It would almost seem as if Chigot had copied even Rochegrosse's defects, for this "Matho" has the same cheap calicolike color, although a trifle more bright, than the Vitellius had. The "Matho" is not an admirable picture in any sense, unless it be in the fact that it imitates the barely tolerable Vitellius instead of the intolerable Andromache.

Two extraordinary canvases represent De Beaulieu, a pupil of Eugene Delacroix. De Beaulieu was the painter who defiled the Salon of 1883 with his loathsome "L'Alcool," a living mass of rags and putridity just shuddering into dissolution. Since the opening of the exhibition this painter has died, in destitution, and, as the Paris journals announced, "au bout de force." A knowledge of his work is scarcely calculated to make one mourn his melancholy end, showing, as it does, a determination on the part of the public not to admire such art. De Beaulieu had certain theories of color to which he adhered all his life, and he considered himself a martyr because the world did not accept his own illustrations of those theories—which proves that bad causes have their martyrs as well as good! De Beaulieu's color was as morbid as his imagination was, and in striving always for a gemlike brilliancy gleaming from fluffy masses of duskiness, a sort of lurid antagonism of light and dark, he achieved merely a glassy dazzle as unimpressive

as that of false gems. His pictures of this year are more than eccentric. They are called "La Femme à l'Ibis" and "La Fille aux Rats," and belong to that undiscovered but much imagined country which Hawthorne touched upon with such poetic imagination in "The Marble Faun," and Dr. Holmes with such poetic science in "Elsie Venner"—that region between humanity and animalism, not perfectly one or the other, yet partaking of both.

De Beaulieu does not treat the idea with tragic poetry, but with a sort of morbid grotesqueness. In this ibis woman, a humanly-formed creature with indefinite but very perceptible animal suggestions running all over her dark, thin form, and looking out of her dusky face, stands, half naked, facing the spectator. Her nose is animally hooked, her flesh weirdly unhuman, her outlines sombrely sloshy and uncertain, as if she might be half-nightmare woman and not a positive substance. Purple velvet drapery, with tulle cloudiness and circus-like spangles, covers her knees. Beside her stands an ibis, a spot of vivid scarlet contrasted with the mystic cloudy woman, and as sharply defined in forms as she is vaporous and uncertain.

The rat woman is of the same dusky substance and dissolving, Henner-like outlines, and looks at the spectator with great vague, horrible eyes. Her shoulders are thin, full of lithe, slippery, undulating insinuations. A long thin braid of hair, like a rat's tail, hangs from her head between her ratlike breasts; a jewelled belt holds up her balletlike, short white drapery; tattooed designs are upon her arms. The whole morbid grotesqueness of the fantasy is enhanced by a white wall behind its color-thrust duskiness. A rat is perched upon one shoulder, toward which the semi-human creature inclines her head, and rats play upon the ground at her feet. The whole spirit of these canvases is unnatural, unwholesome, and unredeemed by masterly technique. The color is displeasing, the brushwork slovenly, the drawing as fantastic as the imaginative idea. Yet here was a man who believed himself the last of the romanticists in a generation of polished and hopelessly sophisticated realists, and who died believing that none was left to wear after him Delacroix's mantle!

Another eccentric picture is Surand's immense "Les Mercenaires de Carthage." Surand is a pupil of Laurens, although his work bears little resemblance to that of his master. The scene is again from Gustave Flaubert's "Salamambo," and is described in the catalogue by an extract from that book. A crowd of barbarians, some mocking, some astonished, all grotesquely feathered and jewelled, half naked and brutally uncomely, one holding a leopard in leash and one a grinning colossal negro, are staring at a row of crosses, or rather of cleft trees hewn into rough cross-shape. Upon every one of these crosses is a crucified lion! Some have been dead so long that only bleached skeletons hang to the weather-beaten tree-trunks; others, half decomposed, still seem to writhe with horrible, agonized grimaces. In the centre, upon a newly-hewn tree, hangs one enormous lion freshly put to death, and with wide mouth stretched yet in a final shriek of agony. A spear wound is in his breast, from which the blood has scarcely ceased to flow, and only just coagulate in a dull red pool at the root of the tree. The trees bend beneath their crucified burdens, and flocks of crows darken the air. At first sight this canvas seems the expression of a horrible blasphemy. The extract from "Salamambo," however, explains that this was a vengeance of Carthaginian peasants upon the wild beasts ravaging their territory, and that they thus crucified "ces bêtes féroces," thinking to terrify others by their examples.

Surely, no picture in the whole Salon can come more aptly under the head of "eccentric" than the American Sargent's portrait of Madame Gautherau. It is depressing to look at this picture and, remembering what this clever, although always sensationalist, pupil of Carolus Duran has done in the past, to realize how he abandons true art and runs after the strange gods of notoriety and coarse sensationalism. This portrait is simply offensive in its insolent ugliness and defiance of every rule of art. It is impossible to believe that it would ever have been accepted by the jury of admission had the artist's previous successes not made him independent of their examination. Certainly, if the unlucky lady who is thus exhibited could hear the comments made upon her by the passing throng, she would cut it from the walls at any cost. In the whole

great exhibition, where nude and semi-nude figures so abound, there is not a more indelicate canvas. The woman stands with figure in full front view, the face turned over the shoulder in sharp profile. The black silk dress is perfectly, austere plain, without any softening of the sharp, cutting lines of which Sargent is always so fond, with lace or soft garniture. The bodice is heart-shaped, and but the merest hint at a bodice, having no sleeves, not even a band to imitate them, and being kept from falling off by silver chains over the shoulders! As if this were not sufficient exposure of the thin, ungracious form, the bodice is cut away in a V to the very waist, leaving the naked flesh bluntly exposed without a single protection of even lace or tulle! "Mais cette femme-la ne porte pas de chemise!" has been heard half a dozen times within fifteen minutes before this "eccentric" object, and its immodesty is so conspicuous that groups of "gommeux" and "flaneurs" pose themselves beside it to watch and grin at its first effect upon young girls as they unconsciously catch sight of it. The figure would better have been left completely uncovered, for modesty's sake as well as for art's. The first striking effect of the face is that of a female clown in a pantomime. The irregularity of the features shown in such sharp profile, the narrow, half-shut eyes with red upper lids, the sharp retroussé nose running almost grotesquely far beyond the normal line of the human face, the purple, pigmented lips, and the extraordinary complexion, looking as if not so much powdered as heavily and coarsely chalked, is absolutely that of a sawdust heroine. The face is quite equal in ugliness to the bald-browed and sharp-nosed Simonetta in the British National Gallery, but without the remotest approach to the Florentine painter's refined yet pungent skill. The drawing is bad, the color atrocious, the artistic ideal low, the whole purpose of the picture being, not an artistic and sensational "tour de force" still within the limits of true art, as Sargent's Salon pictures have hitherto been, but a wilful exaggeration of every one of his vicious eccentricities, simply for the purpose of being talked about and provoking argument. It is fortunate for the original that the portrait is said not to resemble her in the least, but unfortunate for the painter, who thus is proved anew to paint neither for art's sake nor yet for the subject's, but merely for the painter's!

One of Gérôme's pupils sends a highly finished, coldly colored, exquisitely drawn, Gérôme-like canvas, entirely unlike any of these before named, but still eccentric in a half-amusing, half-pathetic way. It represents the kitchen of a convent, with hooded nuns busy at work. A bright fire burns in the huge fireplace beneath the "marmite" where the convent dinner is cooking. A large willow panier occupies a prominent position in the left foreground, and over it a brown nun bends to thrust in her hand and draw out one of the fluttering fowls within. Two brown nuns sit upon a bench plucking fowls, the unnaturally but picturesquely bright plumage of the plucked birds lying in colorful masses at their feet upon the tile floor. The eccentricity of the scene is in the fact that as soon as the feathers are plucked from the "chickens" they are found to be jolly, round, plump little cupids, from which the amazed nuns vainly try to pluck the wing feathers, and which jolly little loves lie across the nun's knees like adorable human babies, creating, evidently, a strange commotion in those virginal, ancient hearts of which they take possession through either of two weaknesses—maternal or sentimental. Even the old nun at the fireplace has her profane dreams, for the steam issuing from the marmite circles around her bent, dun-colored form, a rainbow mist of young loves and babies!

One of the most disagreeable eccentricities is Bayard's "Affaire d'Honneur." A group of fashionably and richly attired women stand a little aside watching a sword duel between two of their companions. These two companions are naked to the waists, with large, unchaste forms quite in keeping with their worldly, unrefined, but handsome faces beneath wide, heavily plumed Rubens hats. They have dainty slippers, silk stockings, and shapely legs, largely "en evidence," and the whole picture is coarse and vulgar without alleviation, although of dainty and exquisite technique and rich color. It is one of the pictures of which one sees so many in every Salon, made with an eye to subsequent reproduction and the cheap renown and ready francs harvested by the photograph shops.